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1486 520.

VOLMINIA's COMPLAINT TO HER LORD.

Price Six-Pence.

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JUN

THE

NEW AMOUR:

OR

Volminia's COMPLAINT

TO HER

LORD,

Occaſion'd by his Behaviour at a late Interview with a certain Lady; Concluding, with an Addreſs to her injur'd Husband.

How frail, how cowardly is Woman's Mind?
We ſhriek at Thunder, dread the ruſtling Wind,
And glitt'ring Swords the brighteſt Eyes will blind,
Yet when ſtrong Jealouſy enflames the Soul
The Weak *will* roar, *and* Calms *to* Tempeſts *roul.*

LEE's Rival Queens.

LONDON:

Printed for T. ROBINS, in *Fleetſtreet*, and Sold at the *Royal Exchange*, St. *James's*, *Bond-Street*, and *Charing-Croſs*. 1740.

OR

THE COMPLAINT

VOLMINIA's COMPLAINT.

"SHE comes! The fair Deluder charms our Eyes,
" The great Inconstant to her Presence flies:
" Now mourn ye Nymphs, whose glowing Beauties strove
" In vain, to warm the Hero's Heart to Love!
" No more in *borrow'd Shapes* attend the *Ball*,
" A simple Maid by far outshines ye All.

" Your ripen'd Graces pall upon the Taſte,
" But her's are growing to the rich Repaſte.
" So exquiſite her Form, ſo fine her Mien,
" Surely to kill, ſhe needs but to be ſeen,
" The youthful Hearts, with unknown Tranſports beat,
" And drooping Age revives with genial Heat:
" Mourn then ye Nymphs! who here unrival'd reign'd,
" And o'er fond Hearts deſpotic Pow'r maintain'd;
" Mild as the bluſhing Morn, the Fair appears,
" All own her Charms, for all her Preſence chears.
" *Beaux* ceaſe to *flutter*, *Stateſmen* ceaſe to *think*,
" And *Monarchs* in the ſoft Deluſion ſink.

THUS ſpake the Voice of FAME, and in each Sound
Spread young MARIA's glowing Beauties round,
Each hail'd the News, and in glad Tranſport join'd,
Volminia only ſigh'd, and ſecret pin'd;
Her haughty Soul with conſcious Horror fill'd,
Foreſaw her Charms muſt to her Rival's yield;
For well ſhe knew how fickle Fancy ſports,
How frail is Grandeur, and how changing Courts!

What little Bliſs her tranſient Joys afford,
Since Age and Paſſion only guide her Lord:
And long Experience taught her this plain Truth,
That feeble *Doatage* varies more than *Youth*,
For when th'*Eſſential Power* of *Love* is gone,
The roving Fancy alters with the Moon.
The Peaſant riots at his homely Board,
While Dainties cloy the Palate of my Lord.
O hapleſs State of Age! where *Will* preſides,
But Impotence to act, that Will derides;
Where Vanity ſurvives Affections loſt,
And Fumblers toil and labour to their Coſt;
For what avails the Grandeur, or the Show,
If unallay'd within, ſoft Wiſhes glow?
A *Dutcheſs* may be ſlighted in *Brocade*,
While Tranſports wait the Ruſſet *Dairy Maid.*
Ye Fair, that nightly haunt the P——ce Walls,
You that, or Pride, or Inclination calls;
Who barter Virtue to appear in State,
And for the Pomp careſs the Man ye hate;
Or you, who cloiſter'd like a Virgin Nun,
In Heat of *Gou't* ev'n to the Footman run:

Say, can the falſe Embrace of Age have Charms?
Or, is't by Choice ye fly to ſenile Arms?
The Nymph, who knew no better, poor *Gadiere!*
Awhile her *Girard* bore, thro' ign'rant Fear,
But when the Damſel greater Bliſs poſſeſt,
Love taught her to give up the lech'rous Prieſt:
None blame the Fair, if they the *Old* forſake,
All ſmile when Doatards do freſh Miſchiefs take:
Pleas'd we behold gay *Dorimant*'s looſe Love,
But ſneer when *Limberham* pretends to rove;
Yet *One* in Rags his beauteous Miſtreſs keeps,
Whilſt t'other's on embroider'd Couches ſleeps:
Hence then the Charm that catches Female Eyes,
'Tis not the *Man*, but *Equipage* they prize.
The Loſs of that, and Favour in Decay,
How much they hurt, let fair *Volminia* ſay.

IN that ſoft balmy Seaſon of the Year,
When ripen'd Harveſts the fond Peaſant chear;
When wrangling Lawyers ſhun the noiſy Bar,
To wage with harmleſs Hinds domeſtic War;

When

When Stateſmen breathe awhile from Malice free,
And Patriots ſearch out RURAL LIBERTY:
When 'Squires retire to doze o'er homebrew'd Ale,
And Smarts on *Vauxhall* Burgundy regale:
No longer *Britain*'s Shores afford Delight,
To Southern Climes gay *Courtiers* take their Flight;
(Nor wonder that in Flocks ſo ſwift they run,
We know that INSECTS quit us with the SUN.)
Whoe'er of Gallantry, or Dreſs, retains,
Shuns thine, O *Britain*, for more courtly Plains,
A HERO ſhines, or dies to lulling Strains.
'Twas then—, to more indulgent Climes, retir'd,
That *Engliſh* Breaſts with Foreign Flames were fir'd,
While States dependent on a ſingle Smile,
Revere the GUARDIAN GENIUS of our Iſle:
The Stateſman's graver Brow ſoft Paſſions ſmooth,
And tender Wiſhes rigid Virtue ſooth;
The Toil of Kingdoms and a Monarch's Cares,
Are mixt with Joys which ſmiling Love prepares;
His Limbs in am'rous Folds the Warrior twines,
And to his Laurel, Myrtle Chaplets joins;

Nations,

Nations, and *Hearts* feel mutual Joy, or Pain,
And *Love* and *Buſineſs* take their Turn to reign:
He who at Morn, like DAVID's Son enthron'd
Sees vaſſal Princes wait ſubſervient round:
Who, more than Man beholds the riſing Sun,
Sinks to ſoft Dalliance e'er the ſame goes down;
And Smiles of Love ſucceed each haughty Frown:

So *Jove* fatigu'd with Grandeur of the Sky
Would oft to Earth for mortal Tranſports fly.

THE Sun o'er gilded Turrets faintly gleam'd,
And all Things huſh'd and ſtill in Nature ſeem'd;
Legates diſpatch'd their ſev'ral Miſſions bore,
And Mercuries flew round from Shore to Shore.
The Bus'neſs of the Day was at an End,
And even *H* * * * could then attend;
(For at engaging Love, or Beauty's Call,
The Stateſman cries, *ſink C---ns and K---ms all!*)
Survey the Scene, ye Nymphs, but look with Fear,
Tho' Pleaſure ſeems to court, Deſtruction't near:

In ev'ry Glade there lurks a ſecret Death,
And ev'ry Zephyr taints with pois'nous Breath:

NEAR where it's ample Round the P---ce ſpreads,
And Wood Nymphs dance and ſport on verdant Beds;
Near where, in all the Pride of Luxury, we ſee
Exalt it's fragrant Head, th'ORANGERY:
A ſpacious Theatre of Ever Green,
In Grotto's form'd, ſupports the mimic Scene:
Here oft when ſultry Heats the Plains invade,
Spectators ſit at Pleaſure in the Shade;
Supreme the R---l LOVER ſits, and burns,
For various diff'rent Beauties in their Turns:
And while attentive to the Eunuch's Trill,
The Crowd all liſt'ning, ſilent ſtand, and ſtill
Th'Aſſiſting to his Optic to his View brings nigh,
Some tempting tender fair One to his Eye;
Officious Miniſters his Way prepare,
To Grandeur, if not Love, ſubmits the Fair.
Here Fortune firſt *Volminia*'s Charms diſplay'd,
And the too yielding Nymph to Scorn betray'd:

Her ſtricter Truſt to ſacred Vows deſtroy'd,
And ruin'd him by whom ſhe Bliſs enjoy'd.
Here too *Maria*'s Charms their Force diſplay,
And at her Feet the Hero trembling lay;
'Twas on the Day when Mirth and Sports went round,
And circ'ling Joys each fleeting Moment crown'd;
When *Hymen*, waiting on a happy Pair,
(A youthful Hero and complying Fair,)
His Torch new fir'd; and round the Sunburnt Plains,
Left none but wounding Nymphs, and dying Swains;
That fatal Day to ſad *Volminia*'s Love,
When all her Wiſhes did abortive prove;
That Day whoſe riſing Sun beheld her great,
The Pride of Monarchs ſhining high in State,
With it deſcending ſaw her Glories fall,
And a dark Cloud of baneful *Scorn* ſhade All.

Now buſy Rumour each Aſſembly tells,
How much *Maria* her fond Sex excells,
All hear with Wonder, and with Envy praiſe,
And hide their own at her ſuperior Rays;

Volminia only ſtruck with ſecret Fear,
Wakes ev'ry Charm, and calls to Life each Air,
Too juſt her Fears! for from her glowing Arms,
Her Lord retires, quite ſated with her Charms;
His ſickly Appetite new Dainties craves,
(Such Lovers; Beauty fires not, but enſlaves,)
The fair Report his willing Ears receive,
Maria's Graces quick'ning Vigour give:
He doats in Thought e'er he the Nymph beholds,
And Fancy all her lovely Form enfolds;
O think raſh Man! think well e'er you engage,
How blooming Youth enervates fumbling Age:
Love mocks th'unequal Conflict, and retires
To quench his pale and ineffectual Fires:
Languid, he quits *Volminia*'s pall'd Embrace,
Pretends the *Cab'net*, *Bus'neſs*, or the *Chace*;
And certain Symptoms points out her Diſgrace.

The infant Morn o'er Mountain Tops juſt gleams,
When the ſad Fair ſtarts from her threatning Dreams,
A horrid Spectre took her Huſband's Form,
And whiſper'd to her Ear the riſing Storm:

Conſcious of Guilt ſhe rears her drooping Head,
And finds her PARAMOUR too certain fled.
Officious Tongues too ſoon her Wrongs relate,
And ſpeak her Rival's Grandeur, Pomp and State;
Ambition that each Female Boſom warms,
With fell Reſentment her high Soul alarms;
A Thouſand riſing Thoughts her Soul invade:
And firſt, ſhe ſeeks the Toilet's friendly Aid;
When, oh ſad Omen to the trembling Fair!
By Chance ſhe drops her fav'rite *Lock of Hair!*
And what was yet more horrid to her View,
The *Sapphire* ſeem'd to change it's conſtant Hue;
And mad with jealous Rage, her jaundic'd Sight,
The *Yellow Topaz* only could delight.

THE Morn of Female Adoration paſt,
And ev'ry Trinket in due Order plac'd:
Her lovely Form, majeſtic to the Eye,
Seems ev'ry other Female to outvie:
Her eyes, at ev'ry Motion Lightning darts,
But ranc'rous Grief ſits heavy on her Heart;

So *Juno* look'd descending from the Skies,
To wait the Shepherd's Judgment for the Prize;
So did the like Resentment fire her Breast,
When th'*Idalian* Queen the Gift possest.

Now Splendor gilds the supple courtly Train,
And Show and Equipage delight to reign:
The *Farce of State* awhile detains the Beau,
And Lovers that with warmest Ardour glow:
For Flames and Darts harsh Sounds salute their Ears,
Of *War*, *Cessations*, *Messengers*, *Couriers*,
And all the World a Face of Bus'ness wears.
The Fate of Nations slubber'd o'er in Haste,
And all the idle Bustle gone and past:
Each as best suits him hopes the am'rous Call,
And with Impatience waits the Midnight Ball.

Forth in this Stream of Pleasure, with fond Gales,
And Port majestic gay *Volminia* sails:
As yet the ign'rant Crowd confess her Sway,
And fawning Sycophants her Pow'r obey:

All but her Lord with uſual Honour bend,
He only deigns a ſolemn Nod to lend:
Her boding Heart the fatal Meaning ſpake,
That ſoon the threatning Storm wou'd o'er her break;
Too ſoon alas! for ſee the Nymph appears,
The fatal Object of her jealous Fears.
Now Rage new Fuel to her Flame ſupplies,
This INTERVIEW is Death unto her Eyes;
She ſees her Lord unuſual Glances ſhoot,
And by dumb Signs prefer his eager Suit:
While Tears on One Paternal Fondneſs ſheds,
Warm Love the Other to His Boſom leads:
" Take then, he cry'd, ye happy wedded Pair!
" The Favour due; my equal Bleſſing ſhare;
" But ſure, fair Stranger! of a Form divine,
" Each Bliſs and every richeſt Joy is thine:
" Here at thy Feet my conquer'd Heart I lay,
" And Homage due to ſo much Beauty pay;
" As I to them my kindeſt Bleſſing give,
" So now 'tis thine to bid me riſe and live;
" Yield then thy Hand, Bondage ſhall me delight,
" And ſtricteſt Bands our growing Loves unite;

" By

" By ev'ry tender Name ſhalt thou be known,
" *Daughter* and *Spouſe* ſhall henceforth be but *One*.

WILD with Deſpair *Volminia* trembling ſtands,
While eagerly he graſps the Fair One's Hands;
Her glowing Bluſhes baſhful Shame imply,
And half conſent, while they but half deny:
Unheeded, ſcorn'd, to Grief and Rage a Prey,
The angry Fav'rite ſhrinks diſmay'd away;
But baleful Curſes firſt on All ſhe ſheds,
And Vengeance begs, on their devoted Heads:
How weak the Curſes of a Fair deſpis'd,
Her Wrath's not felt, nor is her Favour priz'd:
The menial Herd who on her Pleaſure fed,
And by their Flatt'ries purchas'd daily Bread,
Leave their neglected Miſtreſs with the reſt,
And round the new, the riſing Fav'rite preſt:
Her riſing Spleen *Volminia* choaks awhile,
And greets her Rival with a Female Smile:
To her Addreſs the other faintly turns,
And each with Rage and with Impatience burns.

Now to the Weſt the warmer Sun deſcends,
Each to the *Wilderneſs* his Proſpect bends:
The BALL begins, that bleſt Expedient,
The Frowns of prying Lovers to prevent:
Where artful Vizors ſhrewd the bluſhing Face,
And none can well the mimic Habits trace.
Unjuſtly *Maſquerades* Diſguiſe we call,
Since ſearch it thro' there's no Diſguiſe at all:
For all the *virtuous Maſks* we daily wear,
Are thrown aſide, we're all plain Devils there:
As the World's Order from Confuſion ſprings,
Nuns here court *Prieſts*, and *Stateſmen* KICK their *Kings*.
Sage Biſhops pimp, while rough hewn Soldiers pray,
And *Patriots* mould their Conſcience to their Pay.

THE ſplendid Ball begun, but more diſplay'd,
The graceful Motions of the blooming Maid;
All Eyes were fix'd, and ev'ry Heart confeſt,
The thrilling Paſſion that had warm'd each Breaſt:
No other Object charm'd th'attentive Sight,
Maria only was the Theme of all Delight.

See to the Dance how gracefully she moves,
While round her wait the little flutt'ring Loves.
As *Homer*, when his Gods and Heroes feast,
The Beauties of his *Hebe* hath expreſt:
So the Reſemblance there more perfect ſhines,
Of fair *Maria* than in theſe faint Lines:
But ſhe poor *Hebe* doth as much excell,
As *Grecian Homer* me in writing well:
And our Aſſembly is as far above
His paultry Gods, as thund'ring G*** to Jove.

Fix'd, ſtill, and mute the gloating Dotard ſits,
In Raptures now, and now in Frowns by Fits:
Impatient Love firſt like a Fever burns,
Then inſtant to a ſhiv'ring Ague turns:
('Tis *Love*, or *Luſt*, or call it which you pleaſe,
Each is a *Madneſs*, when on Age they ſeize:
The Flames of Youth a *ſunny Brightneſs* bear,
While theſe juſt *twinkle* like a *diſtant Star*.)
Diſtorted Motions ſpeak his fluſter'd Soul,
Nor can he his too ſudden Starts controul.

Volminia (while He's tortur'd with his Pain,)
Sees Him with Anguiſh mix'd with cold Diſdain:
The feeble Lover's Loſs ſhe well could brook,
But *Place* and *Grandeur* too muſt be forſook:
Honour and Homage howſoe'er beſtow'd,
The ſervile Bows of a ſubmiſſive Crowd;
When, *there's the happy Dame!* each Booby cries,
Are Charms too great for Females to deſpiſe.
For know that *Vice* like *Honour* is confin'd,
To Vulgar Folks, no Rules the *Nobleſſe* bind;
The hapleſs Nymphs who humbler Paſſions meets,
And for kind Lovers prowls thro' dirty Streets,
May be a W---e, but at his *Lordſhip*'s Flame,
She in a *Coronet* ſinks all her *Shame.*
Hence P--rs may claim their Privilege, and deem
All Sin of higher Claſs deſign'd for them.

THE haughty Dame to her laſt Efforts driv'n,
Try'd ev'ry Charm by bounteous Nature giv'n:
Now heaves the flutt'ring Breaſt, the ſtollen Sigh,
And to ſoft Languiſhings converts the Eye;

Then

Then by Deſign ſome hidden Charm reveals,
Which quite confus'd ſhe aukwardly conceals:
In vain ſhe tries, a Thouſand little Arts,
Loſt are her Beauties, pointleſs all her Darts.
Pygmalion, when he did for *Marble* burn,
Met not a harder, or more cold Return;
His Image had no Streams to warm it's Veins,
But her's the flutt'ring Shew of Life retains.

BUT now the ſad Cataſtrophe drew near,
The fatal Confirmation of her Fear;
The Midnight Tapers caſt a trembling Light,
Each Youth prepar'd for the approaching Fight:
The conſcious Walls their ſecret Whiſpers knew,
And from all Quarters Aſſignations flew.
Volminia who had ev'ry Motion watch'd,
Each tranſient Glance, and ev'ry Whiſper catch'd:
Now in cloſe Conference beholds her *Lord*,
And liſtning pick'd up here and there a Word;
Something ſhe heard of *Faith—and—Marriage Vows*
Lewd Miſtreſs—infamous—but— FAITHFUL SPOUSE,

This Night---ſoft Joys---to bind our Hands---
Age's Diſparity---my Sire's Commands,---
Riches---and Power---an imperial Q---n
No longer then defer the pleaſing Scene!

HERE all her Rage the Bounds of Reaſon broke,
And in harſh Terms thus ſhe her *Lord* beſpoke.

MONSTER! is this the juſt Reward of all my Love,
Doſt thou a Slave to puny Babies prove?
Is all thy Wiſdom dwindled down to this?
Thy Years will ne'er let thee ſhare th'Virgin Bliſs.
Foil to thyſelf in vain your Fate you court,
When Strength no longer Paſſion can ſupport:
Think what prolific Arts, what various Charms,
I've us'd to warm thee in my circling Arms:
Vain was each Blandiſhment, each am'rous Scourge,
While by *fell Drugs* you lagging Nature urge.
Why ſtill will Lechers ſeek curs'd *Flies of Spain*,
Of gen'rous Paſſion, and of Love the Bane?
Did I for this my tender Spouſe forſake,
And all the Laws divine and human break:

Fondly I thought the Purchaſe was too ſmall,
That Wealth and Equipage would ballance All:
Hapleſs, I fall the Victim of falſe Pow'r,
For momentary Joys of one ſhort Hour:
Didſt thou imagine, fond deluded Man,
My Soul no higher Views than Love did plan?
Yes, a more tow'ring Thought my Breaſt inſpir'd,
With the full Hopes of grand Ambition fir'd,
I fondly thought to ſhare thy equal Pow'r,
And nuptial Rites my Honour ſhould reſtore;
That fix'd at laſt to me you'd conſtant prove,
But *frail* as *feeble* is thy wand'ring Love.
The DRONE will buzz about unto the laſt,
When all the Pow'r of gath'ring *Sweets* are paſt:
Take then thy youthful Maid, blaſt all her Charms,
Waſting Life's Remnant in her blooming Arms;
Like *Oedipus*, the medley Offſpring will ariſe
Nephews and Sons at once ſalute thy Eyes.
Ennobled now above, all Scandal plac'd,
Old Crimes by recent Honours are defac'd;
My injur'd Spouſe I'll once more fondly ſeek,
And all thy Chains thou haughty Tyrant break.

COME

COME then unhappy Man where'er thou art,
You only ſhare and have deſerv'd my Heart,
Forgive me if by Hopes of Grandeur led,
I gave up all the Honours of thy Bed.
What Woman can when Pleaſures court, refuſe?
For what is Reputation now to loſe;
Rich in the Plunder which his Dotage gave,
Come then! and ſhare in ev'ry Joy I have:
Profuſely gen'rous his hoarded Bags are mine,
Half *India*'s Wealth, and Love ſhall make them thine,
And while we riot in the rich Repaſte,
Laugh at the *ſilly Founder* of the FEAST.

FINIS.